

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, April 13, 1811.

[NO. 25.]

THE

MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

The Cardinal, surprized at the vehemence of the youth, and moved by the pure and unsophisticated sensibility which animated the artless recital he had made of his passion, but at the same time unwilling to destroy the plan which his sister-in-law had traced out to him, preserved a profound silence, and seemed to meditate what answer he should make. Eugenio fixed his eyes upon his uncle, and scarce dared to breath, for fear any one of the words he was about to pronounce should escape him.

'Doubt not, my dearest nephew,' said the Cardinal, after a short interval, 'of my attention and solicitude to advance your fortune. But are you sure that the Marquis Spanozzi will be always inclined to bestow Virginia on you?—Has not his marriage with your mother de-

ranged the plans he had formed respecting you?—Is it not the more likely he has done so, particularly as he is on the point of becoming a second time a father? for the Marchioness has informed me of her pregnancy, and you know——'

'To doubt the intention of the Marquis to bestow his daughter Virginia on me,' interrupted Eugenio, starting from his chair, and traversing the room with hasty steps, "gracious Heaven! what a prospect have you presented to my imagination!—No! it is imposible.—Besides, I have the promise of my mother.—Ah! if I thought," added he, striking his forehead, "if I thought they were capable of deceiving me—Pardon me, my dear uncle—the bare idea of it distracts my soul!"

Eugenio returned to his chair, nearly bereft of sensation, and his countenance overspread with a deadly paleness.

The Cardinal, moved with comp. sion at the extreme agi

tation of his nephew, endeavoured to console him.

'I am afflicted,' said he, 'that the simple observations on my part, should have driven you to such a state of despair. Calm yourself, and rely on my good offices with your father-in-law. I repeat my promise to exert myself in the advancement of your fortune; and this very evening I mean to present you to his Holiness.'

Eugenio, restored to himself by these soothing words, seized his uncle's hand, and pressed it to his lips; then falling at his feet, he assured him of his gratitude with so unaffected an effusion of tenderness, and appeared so elated at the promises he had received, that the Cardinal, really overcome by so amiable an expression of his confidence, determined to combat the aversion of the Marchioness had expressed to the union of her son with Virginia, and hastened to write to her the moment Eugenio had quitted him.

'I despair,' said he, 'of ever being able to obtain from my truly deserving young nephew the sacrifice of his love for Virginia.—I confess also, Madam, that I feel the utmost repugnance to making a mystery

of your intentions respecting him. The line of conduct you have traced out for me is too inconsistent with the natural frankness of my character; and I repent that I should have given you my word to effect what I shall nevertheless still attempt, provided it does not engage me to violate the truth. I feel more than any one the extent and force of the obligations of Eugenio towards you; but, in order to induce him to submit to you, it is absolutely necessary I should inform him what it is you require of him. I will then employ all the power my experience affords me, and, I may add, all the power I derive from his confidence in me, in order to obtain from him an entire submission to your will. But, Madam, before you determine to afflict your son, allow me to entreat you to reflect upon the sacrifice you require of him.—Why deprive him of the spouse destined to him from his infancy?—Why compel him to the dreadful alternative of either disobeying you, or of renouncing the happiness of being united to the only woman he loves?

'He has no fortune, you say; and that of Virginia, necessarily diminished by the birth of the children you may have by your

new husband, will not suffice to maintain him in that style of independence and splendour to which he is entitled to pretend.—Well then, Madam, I charge myself with the fortune of my nephew; and I formally undertake to procure him the means of uniting himself to his Virginia, without detriment either to his own interest, or those of your children.—I repeat to you, reflect before you plant a dagger in the bosom of your son, and particularly weigh well my propositions. I wait your answer with impatience, &c.

That same evening the Cardinal presented his nephew to the Pope. The distinguished reception with which he was honoured, and the gracious manner in which his Holiness addressed him, afforded to the whole Court the most unequivocal proofs of the high favour enjoyed by the Cardinal Minister.—They surrounded the fortunate Eugenio, were lavish of their praises, and made him a thousand offers of their services. The Count Vizzani, in particular, called him his dear nephew, & desired him to consider his house as his own.

The Count, whose extreme ambition could only be equal-

led by his pride and self-love, had long conceived a plan, which he flattered himself would conduct him to fortune and honour. Dazzled by the great credit which the Cardinal Caprara enjoyed, he thought if his daughter Rosalia should become the wife of Eugenio, the marriage would procure the House of Vizzani a lustre and consideration, which were the supreme objects of his wishes. He had consulted the Marchioness Spanozzi, his sister, who delighted with a plan which had such reference to those of her own, hastened to give the Count the necessary instructions to enable him to conduct so difficult an affair with address. They both were sensible that it was only by sacrificing Virginia, they could attain their object. This the Marchioness undertook to accomplish, and left it to her brother to surround Eugenio with all those seductions of a luxurious city, which were best calculated eventually to engage him to renounce the mistress of his heart.

Eugenio, on leaving the Vatican, was in a manner conducted in triumph to Rosalia, by the Count Vizzani.

‘Felicitate your cousin, my

daughter,' said he; 'the audience he has just had of the Pope, promises him the most brilliant career; and I doubt not but he will obtain, through the credit of his uncle, the Cardinal Caprara, whatever ought to satisfy the ambition of a man of his birth.

Rosalia smiled on her cousin with that air of kindness, which had so much prepossessed him in her favour the preceding evening. He approached her with eagerness, kissed her hand, and in a short time appeared wholly occupied by his attentions towards her. The Count enchanted with the first success of his scheme, retired to the farther end of the room, where, abandoning himself to a pleasing reverie, he calculated, by anticipation, the increase of credit and favour he should enjoy when his daughter should become the niece of the Cardinal.

'You will be the friend, the companion of my Virginia,' said Eugenio, with a low voice and carressing air, to Rosalia. 'yes, my charming cousin, you will love her; it is impossible that with so sweet, so expressive a countenance, you should not possess a heart of sensibility, and if so, it will be impossi-

ble for you to resist the impetuous attractions of my love Virginia.

Eugenio spoke with ardour. Rosalia listened to him with tenderness, when a young man, of a handsome figure and genteel address, but whose countenance was grave and melancholy, entered the room. Rosalia turned pale the moment she perceived him, looked towards her father with an expression of timidity, and then cast down her eyes.—The Count without removing from the place where he was, turned his face aside with an air of disdain, which sufficiently indicated to his daughter his extreme displeasure.

'I see, Sir,' said the youth, 'that my presence here is disagreeable; but I wish to say a single word to you—and I dare flatter myself you will not refuse to hear it.'

He approached the Count, and conversed with him for several minutes in a low tone of voice,

'Never, Sir, believe me,' exclaimed the Count, with an accent of fury.

Rosalia, overcome with terror, was ready to faint. Eu-

genio supported her in his arms, while the stranger receded a few steps, and put his hand on the hilt of his sword; then suddenly appearing to recollect himself, he looked mournfully at Rosalia, and left the place with precipitation.

Eugenio was surprised at what he had seen, but dared not demand an explanation. The most profound silence had succeeded the exclamation, when the latter, turning towards his daughter, and addressing her in an angry tone of voice.—

‘I thought,’ said he, ‘that the Marquis Justiniani had returned to Urbino.—I ordered you to inform him that I could not consent to his demand; how then is it that he has this day had the audacity to present himself at my house?’

‘I know not, my dear father,’ replied the trembling Rosalia; ‘and I dare assure you that, in performance of my perfect submission to your will, I delayed not a moment acquainting the Marquis with what you required I should inform him.’

During this explanation, the countenance of the Count resumed its habitual expression.

He rose, and approaching Eugenio, addressing him in terms the most affectionate; but Eugenio, incapable of answering him, attended only to Rosalia, and could scarce conceal the concern he felt at observing the paleness which overspread the features of that amiable girl, and the tears which, in spite of her efforts, betrayed the grief with which she appeared penetrated.

In a short time after several persons entered the Count's house, and the *conversazione* having commenced, Eugenio took the opportunity of returning to the Palace of Caprara.

He experienced the most anxious desire to learn whether the Cardinal, who had remained at the Vatican, had any particular conversation with the Pope concerning him.

‘*E un bel ragazzo, ma e troppo giovinetto,*’ observed his Holiness when first Eugenio was presented to him; then whispering the Cardinal, he continued to converse with him in a low tone of voice for some minutes,

Eugenio tortured his imagination in endeavouring to guess the sequel of his phrase. He

Walked hastily up and down his chamber, and flew to the window at the least noise he heard. At last the Cardinal's carriage entered the courtyard. Eugenio hastened down with precipitation, and appeared before his uncle at the moment when the latter was giving orders to inform his nephew of his arrival.

'Well, my dear uncle,' exclaimed the impatient youth; 'what have I to fear or hope?'

The Cardinal smiled, and after having conducted Eugenio to his study, he took him by the hand, and desired him to be seated; then contemplating him with all the affection of a parents he gave him a detailed account of his conversation with the Pope.

'His Holiness, though extremely prepossessed in your favour, observed that you was too young to be appointed to a Government he had demanded on your behalf of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, he would not absolutely promise me that appointment, which is, besides, solicited at Florence by several gentlemen, whose experience, talents, and particularly whose long services give them incontestible rights, to

which you can have no pretensions. But rest perfectly satisfied,' added the Cardinal, observing the extreme agitation of his nephew; 'I have promised to promote your fortune—I again renew the promise, and I give you my word to employ every means in my power to forward your union with Virginia.'

'Oh my dear uncle!' exclaimed Eugenio, how have I merited the tender concern you deign to take in my destiny?—Yes it is to you I shall be indebted for my Virginia, and the future happiness of my life; for, without her, never should I enjoy my existence.'

The Cardinal then explained to his nephew the different means by which he proposed to accomplish his future fortune and advancement. Their interview continued a considerable time; at last Eugenio quitted his uncle, if not satisfied, at least more tranquil than he was before, and fully assured his uncle would fulfil the promises he had given.

Near two months elapsed without producing any change in the situation of Eugenio. He received by every post letters from Virginia and wrote

to her with the same exactitude. He often spoke of her to Rosalia, with whom he every day passed a great portion of his time: he painted to her his love, his sorrows, and disappointments, and never did he quit the presence of that amiable young lady without feeling his soul relieved from its oppression.

(To be Continued.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXIII.

SATURDAY, March 30, 1811.

*From Friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old time and death!
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy;
For joy, from friendship, born, abounds in smiles,
O store it in the soul's most golden cell!*
YOUNG.

THE subject 'On Friendship,' has been so often treated upon, that it has nearly become thread-bare, in reality I do not believe it possible, for any two persons, to give the word *friendship* a similar diffinition: for it is a word, that strikes so differently upon the senses of each individual, that it would be superfluous to suppose, that

every man could view the basis upon which it is founded, in the same light. For instance, a man who has seen nothing but fair weather throughout life, naturally conceives, and looks upon all his species as *friends*, while he who has met with crosses and rebuffs in his career, as truly supposes, that mankind are deceitful and treacherous in the gross, and looks with the scrutinizing eye of distrust upon all who approach him.—I am far from admiring the essay of my correspondent *Josephus*, but as he appears to be a young beginner of some merit, I conceive it would be doing him an injustice to withhold his productions from my readers, and as I perceive nothing grossly erroneous in his composition, I (according to my promise) give it publicity.

Mr. Speculator,

FRIENDSHIP is an ingrafted principle; it takes deep root in the breast of its adherents, and constitutes our social comfort; it lightens our burden in the hour of affliction, and is a balm to the distempered mind. Its influence is guided by the dictates of virtue. Its motives are pure as 'the fair form of truth.' It is founded on the firm basis of *honor*, and its

most prominent feature is '*disinterestedness*.' When the will doth not acquiesce with the cause, it becomes a drudgery. It is observable that the ties of nature or consanguinity do not create this principle ; on the contrary, nature seldom interferes. *Friendship* is a principle in itself *noble*, the effects therefore must of course be the same. Where views of interest interfere, the nobleness of the principle must be void, and the effects also. I have before observed that disinterested motives are a necessary evidence of real friendship. It is therefore palpable that where the motives are not pure, friendship cannot exist. When fortune smiles, friendship is always at command ; when honor bestows its laurels, this principle is always inherited ; but when fortune frowns, affliction threatens, and calamity impends, where are these boasted friends then is the test ? he only, who is a friend in time of distress, deserves the name ; affluence will always command friends, but the criterion to judge by, is in adversity, and then only.

The friendship of the world in general, if it deserved the name, is, merely professional ; the wealthy courtier makes pro-

mises to his poor dependants, which he never means to fulfil : the man who is standing in life is not above mediocrity, makes professions of the sincerest friendship to his superior in fortune ; but when the exalted party, by adverse circumstances is driven to the greatest extremity of poverty, he calls on this *sincere friend* for some relief, or comfort, when he is only treated with the most poignant disdain.—Such is the general effect of human friendship, it glitters in the view, but vanishes in the proof. How fleeting are all our enjoyments, how unsolid all our comforts.

It is evident, that without a similarity of sentiment, there can be no *real* friendship—but this is not the only qualification that is necessary, though similarity of sentiment be subservient to friendship, it cannot constitute it ; where the will is not in full and complete acquiescence, friendship never can attain perfection. Notwithstanding the refinement of manners, which at present exists in polite circles, self interest will still be the ruling principle. There are many who are willing to assist others, if they can do it without *injury* to themselves ; but should such

assistance prove difficult in the attainment, or be attended with any degree of *trouble*, without interfering with the *concerns* of the other, any further than regards such *difficulty* or *trouble*, the *fair weather* friend would 'be happy to serve the *poor fellow*, but really he could not attend to it, or he must call some other time.'—Such is the result of this kind of *friendship*. But where friendship truly exists, it produces an uniformity of conduct, actuated by the most honorable motives, and is founded on the purest intentions; in such case it is a blessing, but the duration of the firmest friendship is short; the parties cannot be always bound together; a parting at some time of life must take place, either by death or other unavoidable circumstances, therefore like all sublunary blessings is precarious, and is only a pleasing delusion while it lasts, and a source of never ending regret when gone. JOSEPHUS.

During some late disturbances, an Irish Mayor, concluded his dispatch to the English Government, in these words:—'Such is the dangerous state of affairs, that at the very moment I am writing, for my own personal safety, I carry a pistol in *each hand* and a sword in the *other*.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

SECRET OF MASONRY.

In a town in the west of England, and at an inn where several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to other apartments in the house, among the company there was a travelling woman and a taylor. In this inn there was a Lodge of free and accepted masons held, and it being lodge night, several of the members pass through in their way to the lodge; this introduced observations on the principals of masonry, and the accult signs by which masons could be known to each other. The woman said there was not so much mystery as many people imagined, for that she herself could shew any person the mason's sign. 'What,' says the taylor, 'that of a free and accepted mason?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and I will hold you a half crown bowl of punch, to be confirmed by any of the members whom you please to nominate.' 'Why,' says he, 'a woman was never admitted;

then how is it possible you could procure it?' 'No matter for that,' says she, 'I will readily forfeit if I do not prove the fact.' The company urged the taylor to accept the challenge, to which he consented, and the bet was deposited. The woman immediately started up and took hold of the taylor by the collar? 'come,' says she, 'follow me,' which he did tremblingly alive, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in making a mason, of which he had heard such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the *lion and lamb*, asked him whose *sign* it was; he answered, Mr. Lober's, (the name of the inn keeper,) 'Is he a free-mason?' 'Yes.' 'Then I have shewn you the *sign* of a free and accepted mason.' The laugh was so much against the poor taylor for being taken in, that it was with some difficulty he could be prevailed upon to partake of the liquor.

Singular Story of a Madman.

A physician at Milan, who took care of insane persons, on their being guilty of any irregularity, used to have them placed up to the chin or knees,

in a stinking pond, according to the degrees of their fault. One of these persons, who had undergone this discipline, and was allowed to walk about the yard, met a gentleman with his hounds coming through: he addressed the sportsman, 'What are those dogs for?' 'To catch hares,' replied the gentleman. 'And what do they cost you by the year?' 'Two hundred pounds including servants and horses.' And what is the value of the hares which you kill in a twelvemonth?' 'About forty pounds perhaps, or less,' replied the gentleman. 'Ride away then, as fast as you can,' said the madman, 'for if the doctor finds you here you will soon be in that pond up to your chin.'

Leesburg, (Vir.) March 26.

'MURDER WILL OUT.'

There are perhaps few instances on record in which this proverb is more fully and remarkably verified than in the one about to be communicated. Near twenty-five years ago a horrid murder was committed in the vicinity of Leesburg, on the body of a Joseph Hoge, a young man of about 19 years of age, who was found in the night with his throat cut from ear to ear; the verdict of the

jury of inquest was murder by some person unknown: some circumstances induced a suspicion that his mother was the perpetrator of the inhuman, shocking deed—she was the person who first gave the alarm by waking Mr. W——n, (there being only three persons in the house) by exclaiming, Joe is bleeding to death. Her short-gown was found with the mark of a bloody hand, appearing as if she had drawn her right hand contaminated with the blood of her own child under the left arm to wipe away the guilty stain.

It is stated, on indubitable authority, that this Betty Hoge, on whom suspicion thus rested, died a few weeks since in this county, after having confessed that she had suffocated her husband with a feather bed, and that she had murdered her own son by cutting his throat. The manner of her confession was no less extraordinary than the matter. To those about her she appeared to die, and they were proceeding to lay her out, when she revived and said she could not die until she had communicated something that lay heavy on her mind, and requested all present, except one, to leave the room. That person, through fear, ob-

jected to be left alone with her: two others stayed and heard her make, in substance, the above awful confession. She lived afterwards about twenty-four hours. For many years she had lived suspected and feared: she is now gone with accumulated guilt, and her memory will be execrated.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION.

Letters from India state, that the forest of Imel-bdar (in the kingdom of Ava) was, through the negligence of some woodcutters, who had kindled a fire at the root of several lofty trees, in a state of conflagration in the early part of June. The forest was 65 miles in length, and 58 miles in breadth; and such was the power of the flames, aided by the high wind, that masses of burning wood weighing half a ton, were carried through the air to a distance of 20 miles. Fifty villages in the vicinity of the forest were destroyed. Many of the unfortunate and idolatrous natives, believing the calamity to be a direct visitation of some vengeful deity, and not choosing to survive the loss of their property, precipitated themselves into the flames. At the date of these letters the conflagration

gration had continued with unabating fierceness for 5 weeks, and from the vast area in which the body of fire lay, together with the contiguity of other forests, the destruction of half the kingdom appeared inevitable.

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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Last night the lovers of the drama were gratified by seeing Mr. Kimblecome forward once more in the arduous character of Richard III. He evidently labored under a severe cold; but, notwithstanding this disadvantage, he depicted throughout those striking features for which his character is so remarkable. If we were disposed to form a contrast between the manner of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke, we would say, that the former occasionally loses sight of the *villain in the majesty of the king*, and that the latter forgets the essential properties of royalty, in depicting the deep traits of consummate vice. Mr. Kemble gave to many of the passages all that fine and impressive effect which is the result of genius improved by experience; but we regretted to observe that in the last scene, during the combat with Richmond, his indisposition injured the effect.—*London paper.*

A Butcher who had purchased a calf, sat with it on a horse at a public house door; on which a shoe maker, remarkable for his drollery, observing, and knowing the butcher had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to steal the calf, provided he would treat him with sixpenny worth of grog. The landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another near a quarter of a mile from it.

The butcher saw the shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to a hedge and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the meantime unstrapped the calf, and carried it a cross the fields to the landlord who put it in his barn.

The butcher missing his calf, went back to the inn and told his misfortune, at the same time observing, that he must have another calf cost what it would, as the veal was bespoke. The landlord told him he had a calf in his barn which he

would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price. The landlord replied, give me the same as you did for the calf you lost, as I think it full as large. The butcher would by no means allow the calf to be so good, but agreed to give him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time on his horse. Crispan alighted with success, undertook to steal the calf again for another sixpenny worth, which being agreed on, he posted to the wood and hid himself; where observing the butcher come along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried out in joy 'Ah! are you there! have I have found you at last!' and immediately dismounted, and ran into the woods. Crispan taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf, and actually got back with it to the tavern, before the butcher arrived to tell his mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witch-craft. The tavern-keeper unravelled the mystery, and the butcher, after paying for and partaking of a crown's worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got greatly applauded for his ingenuity.

A countryman who had dropped from his cart a keg of rum, rode back a few miles in hopes of finding it. On his way he met an Indian whom he asked if he had seen a keg of rum on the road? The Indian laughed in his face, and addressed him in the following words;--'What a fool you are to ask an Indian such a question. Do you not see that I am sober? Had I met with your keg, you would have found it empty on one side of the road and Indian Tom drunk and asleep on the other.'

A gentleman, while walking in company with a lady, unfortunately made a mis-step and fell. The lady, feeling for his situation, kindly assisted him in recovering his feet, observing that she was extremely sorry for his *faux pas*; to which our gallant angrily replied—'What's that you say madam, 'bout my *fore paws*?' and immediately left her.

During a very fine solo on the violin, at one of the London oratorios, a countryman who had obtained admission to the gallery, exclaimed, 'Lord! Lord! what a while that man is in tuning his fiddle!'


LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, April 13, 1811.

*"Be it our task,**To note the passing tidings of the time.*

We understand that a duel was fought on Friday in Rhode-Island between lieut. smith Smith and Benj. F. Bourne, esq. both of whom are wounded, the latter said to be mortally.

A plate of silver, apparently very pure, weighing 6 dollars 25 grains, has been made out of 42 lb. ore, found at the forks of Scioto. The quantity of ore there is said to seem inexhaustible. The above 42 lbs. was broken off a rock supposed to weigh 13 tons.

 **WANTED** immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office,

 MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledollar, capt. Seldon Dayton, to Miss Ludicy Hubbara, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. John L. Franklin, of this city, to Miss Margery Wright, of Flushing, L. Island.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Gideon Pott, merchant, to Miss Margaret Saidler, daughter of the late Mr. James Saidler.

On Saturday afternoon last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, capt. A. Young, to Miss Phoebe R. Langdon, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Abraham Van Cleaf, Miss Amelia Crary, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. James M'Alister, to Miss Jane Mayell daughter of Mr. John Mayell of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledollar, Mr. R. R. Crocker, to Mrs. Sarah Hammond, both of N. Bedford.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Benjamin Ledyard, esq. to Miss Susan French Livingston, daughter of Brockholst Livingston, esq.

 D I E D,

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Dorothy Clark.

On Monday morning, of a lingering illness, Henry Brooks, jun.

Yesterday morning, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Clelland, wife of George Clelland.

On the 22d of January, Mary Sutton of Balden county, N. C. aged 116 years. She was a native of Gulpepper county, Virginia, and had five sons and seven daughters, all now living. Her descendants amount, to 1492. At 52 her eye sight failed her, but returned again at 76 as good as ever, and continued so till 98, then failed to her death. She had been at the births of 1121 children.

On Wednesday last, at Greenwich, the widow Elizabeth Staples, mother of the late John Staples, aged 103 years.

The Duke of Albuquerque, the Spanish Patriot Minister in England, died on the 18th of Feb. He died in a state of violent derangement produced by the misfortune of his country, continually exclaiming 'Mourir Napoleon.'

On Tuesday morning last, Miss Frances Havens.

Died, lately, at his house in Harley street, London, Henry Hone, Esq. He has left behind him property in the funds, and other securities, to the amount of a million sterling, besides the most extensive collection of pictures in the possession of any individual in Europe. He was at the head of the house of Hone, of Amsterdam, which he quitted at the commencement of the French revolution.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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For the Lady's Miscellany.



THE SAILORS MEETING IN PORT.

Come, give me your fist my good fel-
low,

I'm happy to shake it once more ;
We'll laugh and we'll quaff while we're
mellow,
And frolics of youth prattle o'er.

By the trade-winds of life we are driven,
Unable to fetch where we look ;
But, cheerfully met in this haven,
We'll straighten misfortune's worst
crook.

What though we have sometimes bad
weather,
Winds high and the sky overcast !
Our hearts should set light as afeather..
We'll reach a safe harbour at last.

For He that commands the wide ocean,
Has something in store for us all,
He's our pilot in calms or commotion,
And we must obey at his call.

He knows when we merit his favour,
He knows when we forfeit the same ;
Then, Jack, let us mind our behaviour..
We ne'er can conceal a foul game.

Then let true hearts be united,
Here's a health to the honest and
brave.

Wherever your faith has been plighted,
Bear it true till you sink in the grave.

In youth we were friends my dear fellow
Be friendship our latest delight :
Honest hearts, whether sober or mellow
Are always the same, day or night.

Be friendship our bark on the ocean—
Be duty our strenuous fort :
When our voyages are up, no com-
motion
Shall drive us again from the port.
R. R.



Anniversary of the Festival of St. Patrick,

*The following words, to the favourite
Irish tune 'Gramachree' were written
by Mr. John M'Creery.*

The tears that burn on ev'ry cheek
And gush from ev'ry eye ;
The trembling lips that cannot speak
What prompts the heaving sigh ;
Tho' strong they mark our grief and woe
For those who'll ne'er return ;
How weak, alas ! the pangs they shew
With which our hearts are torn.

Ye youthful sons of Erin, weep,
Oh ! yes—let tears be shed,
Your two lov'd chiefs in silence sleep
Rest with the mighty dead ;
Go hang your harps on willow trees
Where might her shadow wings ;
Some Sylph, or Fairy in the breeze
May lightly touch the strings.

No—strike the sounding harp aloud
And sweep the chords along,
Their Ghosts delighted, from their cloud
Shall hear the patriot song,
Erewhile, which fill'd their souls with
pride—
The song of liberty.

And toss'd the echoes far and wide,
'Let Erin's sons be free'

Now soothe with strains of other days
Which die upon the ear;
And now with wild, impetuous lays
That warriors love to hear;
Borne's bold harp shall still be heard,
While tyrants bend the knee,
And boldly swept by many a bard
Sing 'Erin Gram achree.'

From the Belfast Chronicle.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
Evening gales, the ocean swell,
Whilst with thee, on grassy pillow,
Solitude, I love to dwell;
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
Oft I chant my love-lorn strain;
To the streamlet, sweetly flowing,
Murmurs oft a lovers pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Isla,
Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;
'Twas for her the pleasing smile aye
Beamed with rapture in my eye
Not the tempest raving round me,
Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll;
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
Whilst her image fills my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure!
Long your loss my heart shall mourn,
Farewell hours of bliss, the measure,
Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless to the wild heath wandering,
Cheerless to the wave-worn shore;
On the past with sadness pondering
Hope's fair visions charm no more.

Reply to an aged Suitor.

Why thus press me to compliance?
Why oblige me to refuse!
Yet tho' I shrink from your alliance,
Perhaps a younger I may choose

For 'tis a state I'll ne'er disparage,
Nor will I war against it wage;
I do not, sir, object to marriage,
I but object to marry age.

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